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SOME RAIN MUST FALL.

If this were all—oh, if this were all,
That into each life some rain must fall,
There were fewer wrecks on the shores
of time,
But tempests of woe pass over the soul—
Since winds of anguish we cannot
control;
And shock after shock we are called to
bear,
Till the lips are white with the heart's
despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are
strewn,
"Unto the ear comes even a moan—
Wrecks of hope that get sail with glee,
Wrecks of love, sinking silently.

Many are hid from the human eye—
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;
Only God heard when arose the cry,
"Help me to bear—oh! help me to bear."

"Into each life some rain must fall,"
If this were all—oh, if this were all;
Yet there's a refuge from storm and
blast;
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,
The pearl in the wounded shell doth
lie,
Days of sunshine are given to all,
Then "into each life some rain must
fall."

My Cousin John's Wife.

Every respectable family should
have a Cousin John. I wish that I
could add that he had always been an
ornament to society, an honor to him-
self and the "flower of the family." A
strict regard for veracity—it answers
my purpose on the occasion—forbids
any observation on my part. I am
obliged to say this masculine spec-
imen of our ancient race was absolute-
ly the fag-end of our characters. Seem-
ingly, he was the recipient of what was
left after furnishing the heads and
hearts of all the others. When the
grand dames, aunts or uncles, desired
to illustrate any particular vice, John
was held up as the frightful example.
Not that he was an assassin, a high-
wayman or a politician. He was sim-
ply a maelstrom of carelessness and
generosity. If it had not been for the
good luck which always followed him,
he would have made a first-class vag-
abond. As it was, he made out to be
a well-dressed, handsome, "good fel-
low." Beyond that he could not be
trusted, and then only when one's eyes
were on him.

I was sitting in my solitary parlor
one morning, in momentary expecta-
tion of receiving an appeal from sister
Jane to hasten to "The Maples," as the
twins were down with the measles; a
summons from Aunt Hannah to bid
her last, lingering farewell—lingering
is the proper word, and as I had
been through the ceremony seven
times—and an invitation from Cousin
Sarah to run over and turn her black
silk. Besides that, I had my own
sorrow. My Tabby had been invisible
for two days. The evening before she
had disappeared she had refused the
fifth saucer of milk for her supper,
and appeared pensive. I feared she
had committed suicide, or wandered
out in this unfeeling world, because
neighbor Brown's Tab had jilted her
for Mrs. Ray's green eyed, black, ugly
feline she had the audacity to call
"Beauty."

Just then, as I was bitterly regret-
ting that I had not taught Tabby, from
my own experience, something of the
fickleness of the world, and mankind
in particular, who should come blun-
dering in but John. Of course he up-
set a chair, overturned my work-bas-
ket, knocked a book of the table, step-
ped on my weather-ornate toe, and
tumbled into my best chair with a
crash. Then he reached over to the
stand beside me, and taking a pin,
began to draw figures upon my rose
wood writing-desk.

"Good morning, John," I remarked.
"Say, Sebrina," he replied, jabbing
at his forehead with a pin, "I am to
be married next week."

"You surprise me, John."
"Doubtless; but it's a settled fact.
I have purchased the little cottage on
the hill yonder. It is prepared for the
bride. Now you want to go over and
make the place home-like. Have a
jolly supper ready next Thursday
night when we come. You can, Se-
brina; you have no husband."

"John," I cried, "it isn't for me to
say. I might have had a dozen hus-
bands," with a touch of pride.
"And all died of a broken heart," he
laughed. "But will you go?"

Having survived in the champion-
ship of my own cognomen until I had
arrived at a respectable age, I was ac-
customed to being a convenience. I
think our family had a habit of consid-
ering it a charity to make me useful.
Therefore I didn't say "Nay, John."

In due time I went over to the cot-
tage. It was cozy and pleasant, save
the varnish odor which always clings
to new furniture. How the relatives
did run over that place! What com-
ments were made! They ended the
siege at last by declaring, now that
John was to be married, he would be
entirely lost unless his wife had suf-
ficient decision to insist upon the turn-
ing of a new leaf in his conduct. And
as he had been so neglectful as to con-
sult none of them, probably she was
an unsuitable person.

They came. John introduced me to
"My wife Mattie," with a great flour-
ish. My heart misgave me. "My
wife Mattie" was a tiny pink and white
doll, with a profusion of light curls
and frizzles. When I looked into her
large, laughing blue eyes, I almost
cried when I thought how sad they
would grow under John's treatment.
I promised to remain with them until
Mattie should become acquainted with
the place. She had left an immense
number of sisters and brothers—John
was sure to marry into a large family—
and would be lonely.

For a whole fortnight everything
was lovely; John devoted, punctual
and altogether a model husband; Mat-
tie was a perfect pattern of a house-
wife, lovely and happy. It was
"John, dear," and "Mattie, darling,"
until I was fairly wild for a good,
heavenly snarl from my Tabby, who
had returned to her home.

But when John was a month mar-
ried he was more lawless than ever.
He forgot to order the repast for din-
ner until he came—but four days out
of five he forgot to come home to din-
ner. He threw off all household cares.
He was even growing careless in his
dress, and threw everything into disor-
der whenever he entered the cottage.
The pink in Mattie's cheeks began to
change to white, and the laugh in her
eye to a sob. Evidently she had been
a favorite at home, and was sorely
grieved. I longed to comfort her, but
I did not know what to say.

She was sitting before the grate one
evening, waiting tea, as usual. "I
presume he will not come," she said,
with a sigh; "I do wish John wouldn't
do so!"

"But he will," I replied; "it's his
way."

"It is?" with a little start.
"Yes, indeed. He was very foolish
to marry, considering his negligence.
All the relatives pity you," I went on,
in an effort to console her, "and if it
becomes unbearable, some of them will
blame you."

"Perhaps the fire in the grate flamed
up her cheeks. At all events, they
were crimson. She thrust both hands
into her curls, and then said, sweetly:
"We may as well have tea, Cousin
Sebrina."

John came in at half-past eleven,
overflowing with glib excuses. Mattie
stood on tip toe and kissed him with
more of the old look than I had seen
for days. After my hint, she might
have taken a decided stand in the
camp.

I was awakened next morning by
Mattie's clear voice twittering a ballad.
At breakfast she informed me that I
must not go home as I intended, but
was to remain another month. In
pity, I did, but regretted it. It isn't
necessary to put in all the agony of
those days. Suffice it to say, that in
less than a week that house was the
heaven of confusion. Mattie trotted
round under an arch little hat, finding
congenial spirits. She forgot all her
housewifely ways; we had "pieces on
our hands." For a time I never saw
two persons so utterly delighted with
each other's shiftlessness. Blacking
and powder, boots and bonnets, found
a place in the sitting-room; the parlor
boasted of more refined articles, such
as collars, cuffs, slippers and laces.

John began to be rather illly provid-
ed with shirts. Galling for one of those
clean articles as a necessary part of a
reception toilet, Mattie laughingly
said:

"Now, isn't it too funny! I really
forgot you needed a clean shirt. Six
are rough-dried in the closet, three I
forgot to put in the wash, and the others
haven't a button on. But you will
not mind waiting, darling, and Cous-
in Sebrina will sew them on."

"We are late already," replied John,
almost savagely.

As might have been expected, we
had a late breakfast the next morning.
Mattie presided at the table, collarless,
hair in disorder, and slippers down at
the heel. John's disposition being
slightly ruffled, he was inclined to car-

ry it further, and be displeased. He
blundered over his coffee, and bade us
good-morning.

We were to lunch for dinner. By
some oversight John came home. He
was evidently hungry, and everybody
knew what an abominable creature a
hungry man is. I have long looked
for popular indignation to do away
with "emotional insanity" in case of
murder; and I am satisfied "influenced
by hunger" will be the next plea.

"Mattie," said he, in a towering rage,
"when I married you, you were neat,
orderly, and endeavored to please me.
Should a husband come to such a din-
ner as this? Really, madam, if I had
need of the gridiron, I should as soon
look in your dressing room as in the
kitchen for it."

And so he went on a full quarter of
an hour, bubbling over and fairly livid
with rage. I expected a great scene.
But Mattie sat very still and placid
until he paused, because he was too an-
gry to go on. Then she arose, and
going over to him, said:

"My dear John, you astonish me! I
most earnestly desire to please you. I
am merely following your example. When
I married you you regarded my every
wish. Now, you forget to pro-
vide for me, or give me money to
keep myself from starving. If I want
under the sitting-room sofa, and an-
other under the kitchen table. It fol-
lows that my tea-kettle might with
propriety be found on the best bed.
When I was married, my father said
I must pull the same way my husband
did—in a well-matched team, one im-
pulse controlling both. I tried to be
a dutiful wife. I shall take the path
you mark out for me."

She smiled as she ceased, but John
saw how firm she was in the set red
lips. He looked over to me just as I
nodded approvingly.

"She's right," he gasped, "I'll run
to the market for a mutton-chop." We
had a jolly little dinner, after all;
John was a reformed man.

The relatives all wonder what course
John's wife took with him. Far be it
from me to tell what I know. Of all
abominable things, the most abomina-
ble is to take advantage of being an
innate of one's family to blazon about
its secret ways. I never see a patient
wife enduring a husband's neglect, and
forever righting what he has wronged,
but I feel like sitting down and telling
them about John's wife.

Painting Black Eyes.

[New York cor. Chicago Tribune.]
Of all the odd occupations of the
Metropolis, probably the oddest is that
of a genius who advertises to "paint
black eyes and bruises so as to defy
detection." His place is on Cen-
ter street, and his sign is read daily
by thousands who ride up and down
in the Fourth avenue cars, but many
of whom doubtless regard it as a joke.
But it is the most serious thing imag-
inable, and the party is occasionally
overrun with work. This locality,
however, is on the edge of the slums of
New York, and his customers are
among the plug-uglies and "lower
classes, who get into a row and come
out with a blackened eye. Those who
are politicians (as most of them are)
wish to be presentable the next day;
so they go to this painter-chap, who,
with the skill of an artist, proceeds to
paint over with flesh-colors the dark-
ened hues. This interesting business
is not confined to one locality nor to
one individual. A well-known por-
trait painter, whose studio is not far
from the National Academy building,
has, contrary to his own wishes, found
himself occupied quite extensively, the
past year, in covering up with flesh-
colored paint the black and blue spots
on the human face divine. He re-
cently informed me that the first case
he had come from a volunteer offer on
his part to paint over a bruised place
upon the eye of a friend. He succeed-
ed so well that soon after another case
offered; and still later it became noised
around among actresses and actors that
he was an adept in covering blotches.
Now, strange as it may seem, there
are thousands in this city who think it
a very smart trick to follow in the
wake of the theatrical profession,—to
imitate or apo actresses,—as witness
the efforts of leading modistes to be
known as the proteges of popular fash-
ionable theaters. The business grew,
until my artist friend assured me that
hardly a day passes that he is not
called upon to exercise his skill in this
peculiar line.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

A Strange Sequel at a Strange Duel.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]
On the 12th day of June, 1863, I
witnessed a duel between a Captain
Jones, commanding a Federal scout,
and Captain Fry, commanding a Rebel
scout, in Green county, East Tennes-
see. These two men had been fighting
each other for six months, with the
fortunes of battle in the favor of one
and then the other. Their commands
were camped on either side of Lick
creek, a large and sluggish stream, too
deep to ford and too shallow
low for a ferry boat; but there was a
bridge spanning the stream for the con-
venience of the traveling public. Each
of them guarded this bridge, that com-
munication should go neither North or
South, as the railroad track had been
broken up months before. After fight-
ing each other for several months, and
contesting the point as to which should
hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a
duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge
undisputed for the time being. Jones
gave the challenge, and Fry accepted.

The terms were that that they should
fight with navy pistols at twenty yards
apart, deliberately walking towards
each other, and firing until the last
chamber of their pistols was discharg-
ed, unless one or the other fell before
all the discharges were made. They
chose their seconds, and agreed upon a
rebel surgeon, (as he was the only
one in either command) to attend them
in case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine looking fel-
low, with light hair and blue eyes, five
feet ten inches in height, looking every
inch the military chieftain. He was
a man that soldiers would adore and
ladies regard with admiration. I never
saw a man more cool, determined, and
heroic under such circumstances. I
have read of the deeds of chivalry and
night-errantry in the middle ages, and
of brave men embalmied in modern
poetry; but when I saw this man Jones
come to the duellists' scratch, fighting,
not for real or supposed wrongs to him-
self, but, as he honestly thought, for
his country and the glory of the flag, I
could not help admiring the man, not-
withstanding he fought for the freedom
of the negro, which I was opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high,
slender, with long, wavy, curling
hair, jet black eyes, wearing a slouch-
ed hat and gray suit, and looking rather
the demon than the man. There was
nothing ferocious about him; but he
had that self-sufficient nonchalance
that said, "I will kill you." Without
a doubt, he was brave, cool and col-
lected, and, although suffering from a ter-
rible flesh wound in his left arm, re-
ceived a week before, he manifested no
symptoms of distress, but seemed ready
for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the
seconds, pistols loaded and exchanged,
and the principals brought face to face.
I shall never forget that meeting.
Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as
they shook hands, remarked that—

A soldier braves death for a fanciful
wreath.
When in glory's romantic career.
Fry caught up the rest of the sen-
tence, and answered by saying:
Yet he bends o'er the foe when in battle
laid low,
And bathes every wound with a tear.
They turned around and walked
back to the point designated. Jones'
second had the word "fire," and as he
slowly said, "One, two, three—fire!"
they simultaneously turned at the
word "one," and instantly fired. Nei-
ther was hurt. They cocked their pis-
tols and deliberately walked toward
each other, firing as they went. At
the fifth shot, Jones threw up his right
hand, and firing his pistol in the air,
sank down. Fry was in the act of
firing his last shot; but, seeing Jones
fall silently lowered his pistol, dropped
it to the ground, and sprang to Jones'
side, taking his head in his lap as he
sat down, and asked him if he was
hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot
through the region of the stomach, the
bullet glancing around the organ and
coming out to the left of the spinal
column; besides he had received three
other frightful flesh wounds, and gave
him such stimulants as I had. He af-
terwards got well.

Fry received three wounds—one
breaking his left arm, one in the left
and the other in the right side. After
months of suffering he got well. Nei-
ther of them asked for a discharge, but
both resumed their commands when
they got well, and fought the war out
to the bitter end, and to-day are part-

ners in a wholesale grocery business
down South, doing a good business,
and verifying the sentiment of Byron that
"That a soldier braves death, etc."

Trusting that the above truthful nar-
rative will be a lesson to some people
North and South, that stayed on the
outside and yelled "Seek dog!" and are
still not satisfied with the results of the
war, let me subscribe myself a recon-
structed CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

How Mary Jane Was Won.

There is no foolishness about some of
the fathers of Dubuque county, Iowa,
who have marriageable daughters, and
they know how to precipitate business
when the fruit is ripe. Matters were
brought to a climax with a rush at a
certain farmer's residence in Vermont
township, recently. A young fellow of
the soil had for months been paying
most assiduous attentions to one of his
daughters, but he was such a bashful,
modest chap, never having been able
to raise his courage sufficiently high to
pop the all-important question.

He had gone to the house in which
his admired lived, upon at least twenty
different occasions, resolved to know
his fate; but when ushered into the
presence of his fair one, into whose
keeping he had placed his heart, his
courage would invariably "go back on
him," and he would return to his lone-
ly room in greater suspense than be-
fore. Upon the evening in question
he had determined that, come what
would, he would tell his Mary that he
loved her. He would once for all de-
cide the matter. But, as upon each
former occasion, he could get the pro-
posal no further than his throat. There
it stuck, and he had just determined
to gulp it down and give up the siege
when the door opened and in stalked
the girl's father, who advanced to
where they were sitting and thus ad-
dressed them:

"I come in to put a stop to this in-
fernal foolishness. It ain't the court-
ing expenses that I'm looking at, for
coal oil's cheap an' wood can be had
for the haulin'; but I'm sick and tired
of this billin' and cooin' like a pair of
sick doves, keepin' me awake of nights,
and it's got to be stopped right here.
Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love
John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father, I—I—you must—"
"Stop that darn foolshin'," yelled
the old man. "Answer 'yes' or 'no,'
an' mighty quick, too. It's got to be
settled now or never."

"Answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak!
roared the old gent.

"Well, yes, then. There now," and
Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to
talk. Now, John, look here—look up
here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do
you want that gal o' mine for a wife?
Speak out like a man, now."

"Why, Mr. ——— ain't this rather a
—I mean, can't you?"

"Speak it out, or out of this house
you'll go head foremost. I won't wait
a minute longer. There's the gal, and
a likelier gal ain't in the State, and you
heard her say she wanted you. Now,
John, I won't stand a bit o' foolin';
once for all, 'yes' or 'no'?"

"Well, yes, sir; I have been pre-
sumptuous enough to hope that I—"
"Oh, confound your soft talk; the
thing's settled now. You two blasted
fools would have been six months more
at the job that I've done in five min-
utes. I never saw such foolin' as there
is among young folks now-a-days.

Ain't like it was when I was young—
an' now good night. You can talk the
thing over, an' you an' me, John'll go
to town an' get the license to-morrow.
Soon be time to go plowin'—no time
for lovin'akin' then. Good night, good
night; hope I wasn't too rough, but I
was determined to fix the thing up one
way or 't'her," and the old man went
back to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the
young people laid all their plans for
the future, and John felt a little bad
at the comfort he had lost, when Mary
looked up at him shyly, and said:

This would have been all right four
months ago, John, if you hadn't been
so sherry. I know'd all the time that
you wanted to ask me; but it wasn't
my place to say anything, you know.
No cards.

A Quakertown man has solved Mrs.
Livermore's query: "What will we do
with our daughters?" He has purchas-
ed two washing machines and will take
in washing. His wife and seven
daughters are to do the work and he
will superintend the business.

Integrity of Character.

Young men should be deeply im-
pressed with the vast importance of
cherishing those principles and culti-
vating those habits which will secure
them the confidence and the esteem of
the wise and the good.

A young man may be unfortunate, he
may be poor and penniless, but if he
possess unbending integrity, and an
unwavering purpose to do what is
honest and just, he will have friends
and patrons, whatever may be the em-
barrassments and exegencies into
which he is thrown. The young man
may thus possess a capital of which
none of the misfortunes and calamities
of life can deprive them.

We have known men who have sud-
denly been reduced from affluence to
penury over some overwhelming mis-
fortune, which they could neither fore-
see nor prevent. To-day they were
prosperous, to-morrow, every earthly
prospect was blighted, and everything
in their future prospect of life was
dark and dismal. Their business was
gone, their prosperity gone; but they
have a rich treasure that nothing can
take away. They have integrity of
character, and this gives them friends,
furnishes them with pecuniary aid,
with which to commence life once
more, under auspicious circumstances.

We cannot too strongly impress up-
on our young men the importance of
abstaining from everything which
shocks their moral sensibilities, wounds
their conscience, and has a tendency to
weaken that nice sense of honor and
integrity so indispensable to a good
character. "Integrity of character!"
Who ever possessed it, that did not de-
rive untold advantages from it? It is
better than riches; it is of more value
than "diamonds and precious stones;"
and yet every man may possess it.
The poorest may have it, and no pow-
er on earth can wrest it from them.
Young men, prize integrity of charac-
ter above all earthly gifts!

The Kentucky Penitentiary.

There are now nearly one thousand
convicts confined in the Kentucky pen-
itentiary—the largest number ever
confined therein at one time. The
place is incapable of keeping with any
degree of comfort more than seven hun-
dred and fifty persons, and, therefore,
is now greatly overcrowded. In view
of this fact, the incoming Legislature
will be required to deal with the ques-
tion of enlarging the present peniten-
tiary, or build a new one at some other
point in the State. The last Legisla-
ture had this matter under brief con-
sideration, but no action was taken to
afford means of relief. We hardly see
how the question can be postponed this
winter, and we hope it will be settled
speedily, after the assembling of the
people's representatives.—Lex. Dispatch

Reduction of the Army.

Among the measures of economy and
reform to be supported by the Democ-
racy in Congress, says the Memphis
Appel, is the bill prepared by Repre-
sentative Randall, which will be re-
ported in the House at an early day,
providing for the reduction of the army
to fifteen thousand, and reducing the
army budget from forty millions to
twenty-four millions of dollars. The
bill will abolish the office of Lieuten-
ant-General, cut off one Major-Gen-
eral, reduce the number of Brigadier-
Generals one-half, and make corre-
sponding reductions in other ranks.

Vice-Presidents.

There have been sixteen Vice-Presi-
dents of the United States chosen by
the people. Four of these have died
in office—George Clinton, of N. Y.,
April 20, 1812, having served a little
more than seven years; Eldridge Ger-
ry, of Massachusetts, November 23,
1814, having served a year and a half;
Wm. R. King, of Alabama, April 18,
1853, about six weeks after the inau-
guration, having been too ill to take
his seat; and Henry Wilson. Only
one Vice-President, John C. Calhoun,
ever resigned. Three, Tyler, Fillmore
and Johnson, were called to fill vacan-
cies in the Presidential chair, occa-
sioned by the deaths of Presidents Har-
rison, Taylor and Lincoln.

A little four-year old created a ripple
by remarking to the teacher of her
Sunday school class: "Our dog's dead.
I bet the angels were scared when they
saw him coming up the walk. He's
cross to strangers."

Milton's house is now occupied by an
Irish monger, and the Boston Post
hopes that the accumulated phosphorus
may produce another Milton.

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quarterly free of charge. For further partic-
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Negro Preacher Killed.

A negro preacher was shot and kil-
ed in Garrard county a few days since
by a party of men who were seeking to
arrest him. He started to run and
was about to escape, when he was fired
on. He was charged with the imel-
ecrine of hog-stealing. We did not
learn the negro's name, but as a negro
preacher named Nathan Graves was
charged with stealing hogs in the vi-
cinity a few weeks ago, we presume he
was the person killed.—Lebanon Stand-
ard.

Pat's Advantage.

An Irishman went into a butcher's
shop and asked, "Have you any sheep's
heads, mashter?" "Oh, yes," was the
reply. Pat, after a deal of higgling,
bought one, and then wished to know
how to make it ready. The shopman
began to tell him, but Pat, not being
blessed with a good memory, asked
him to "write it down on a piece of
paper," and meantime laid down his
purchase at the shop door. A dog, see-
ing a good chance, seized the head and
bolted down the street. Pat immedi-
ately gave chase, bawling at the top of
his voice, "Come back wid me sheep's
head, ye robber, ye!" but after a stiff
run he had to give in dead beat, when
he consoled himself with the remark,
"Niver mind; he has got the resaste
how to make it ready."

Honesty.

We have somehow learned to make
a difference between those obligations
which we owe to one another as men,
and those which we owe to the govern-
ment and to corporations. These ideas
are not a whit more prevalent among
office-holders and directors than they
are among voters and stockholders.
Men are not materially changed by
being clothed with office and power.
The radically honest man is just as
honest in his office as he is out of it.
Corrupt men are the offspring of a
corrupt society. We all need straight-
ening up. The lines of our morality
all need to be drawn tighter. There
is not a man who is willing to smuggle
and see custom officers betray their
trust while he does it; willing to receive
the patronage of the government in the
execution of schemes not based in abso-
lute necessity; willing to take an ex-
orbitant price for a piece of property
sold to the government or to the cor-
poration, who is fit to be trusted with
office. When we have said this we
have given the explanation of all our
public and corporate corruption, and
shown why it is so difficult to get any
great trust managed honestly. All
this official corruption is based on
popular corruption—loose ideas of
honesty as they are held by the popu-
lar mind; and we can hope for no re-
form until we are better based as a
people in the everlasting principles of
equity and right-doing. If we would
have the stream clear we must cleanse
the fountain.—Scribner.

What a brute of a husband that was
out in Iowa. He refused to kiss his
wife for three months, and the tender-
hearted darling committed suicide.
Now, if we'd been in that woman's
place we wouldn't have committed sui-
cide. We'd have called in a subalti-
tute, and closed our eyes, and imagin-
ed all the time it was the dear one.
But some women ain't got any sense.
The female wasn't anything at all like
a Brooklyn female we once knew. He
and she got mad, and he would not
kiss her for several days. She said to
him he'd be sorry for it. She went to
a party next evening, where they
played "Pick cherries and hand them
down," and "Post-Office," and "Pout
in the corner," and a whole lot of such
plays, and she was up every time she
had a chance, and never refused a kiss.
And there was one young man in the
party whose kisses pleased her so much
that the following week she eloped
with him. That's the way she took to
make her husband sorry. We can't
say that he is bowed down with grief.
We saw him the other day, and he was
about half drunk, and smoking a five-
cent cigar and telling a funny story
that nobody but himself laughed at.
Some men don't seem to have any
heart to break.

It is generally conceded that Lot's
wife wouldn't have looked back, but a
woman with the primitive pull-back
dress on passed her, and the temptation
to see how it was made overcame her
fears of impending doom, and she was
seized and preserved—from further
vanities.

THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT & CO., Publishers

JOHN P. BARRETT, Editor.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29 1875.

FAREWELL OLD YEAR.

A glance at the date of this issue reminds us that another year is hurriedly preparing to pass over its checks to "Old Mother Time." The last week of the last month is upon us, and it might not be amiss for us to take a retrospective view of the past year; but we forbear to look back, lest we suffer the fate of Lot's wife. We prefer to "leave the dead past to bury its dead." We have all had some misfortunes and adversities during the past year, but it is folly to spend the present precious golden moments in grieving over the mistakes of the past. Bitter regrets and secret pinings over what has been, will only tend to weaken our energies for what is to be. Let us gather strength from the experience of the past, and look forward to a more hopeful future. Let us not prophesy adversity nor heed advice from the frenzied croakers that throng our path.

There are those who make it a rule to look at the dark side of the picture only, and they never once see the "silver lining of the storm-cloud." They are bound with their troubles, without any hope of a resurrection. The sable clouds of (to a great extent) imaginary sorrow shut out all the beautiful sunlight of life. Contact with such parties, unless prudently guarded against, is as dangerous to our prosperity as the breath of the fatal si-moon to life and health. The times in which we live require men and women of cheerful hearts, iron nerve and indomitable energy.

Our National centennial year is about to usher in, and we prophesy an unusual onward move in all the arts and sciences during the year, for inventive genius will receive fresh impetus from the awards and encouragements given by the various centennial exhibitions. The times are indeed propitious. We are having a tremendous political revolution. Rings and cliques that have been plundering the people are being hunted up, and honesty and fair dealing is once more becoming fashionable. Let us no longer distrust. We ought to, can and must look to a hopeful future; matters might be worse, let us make them better. The great world above and around us is grand and beautiful to those who try to make it so. We are making rapid strides toward a better day. This life of ours is, after all, about as we should make it. If we can banish grief and care, let's haste to undertake it. We hope our readers have had a merry Christmas, and we now wish them a glad new year.

EDITING AND PUBLISHING A NEWSPAPER.

It is trouble at all to edit and publish a country newspaper, in such a way as to meet the tastes and desires of all its readers and the public generally, and in such a manner that no one can take offense, and to write an article that one person will unhesitatingly pronounce good logic and another will pronounce a good joke. All this is not only easily done, but it is a pleasure. No practice, no mind, no thought or labor is necessary, all you need is a piece of paper and a pencil. It is all nonsense to talk about this or that editor getting up a spicy sheet, and editors who put such stuff in their papers do it because they have nothing else to fill their columns with. Editors know all the news going, either foreign, local or general, and people need not put themselves to the trouble of communicating any news items to us. They are always well posted on science, art, politics, commerce, finance, and in fact upon every subject, and have "read" all the books ever published from the travels of Gulliver down to minister Schenck's work on poker-playing, and have read all the newspapers published. They take a particular delight in loaning their exchanges before they have had a chance to read them, especially to persons who do not subscribe for or advertise in their paper. They are ever ready on the shortest notice to give you a handsome puff gratis, and will quit any other kind of work to do it. They never think of any such thing as pay for it, and you need not even thank them as it is not expected. Don't pay your subscription—you would surprise the editor if you were to.

The editor knows he can run his paper for nothing, except the glory of it, and he does not expect pay. If there is a paper published in your county don't think of advertising in it, and if you want any job-work done be sure to send it off to the city and have it done, unless your county paper will do it for nothing and give you a puff besides. Go to the office about once a week, especially if you are not a

patron of the paper, and lecture the editor about how to run a newspaper, and don't forget to tell him if he would only take your advice, and run it right, he would soon make a grand success of it.

Follow the foregoing advice and your county paper will flourish like a summer snow, and the editor will feel as a country boy at a town frolic. So far as Ohio county is concerned, it is useless for us to give these suggestions, for they already understand them and act them out in toto.

EX-SENATOR JOHN B. HENDERSON.

The upright and fearless course of ex-Senator Henderson in the prosecution of the St. Louis whisky ring thieves has brought him again prominently before the public. Mr. Henderson, it may be remembered, was in the Senate from Missouri at the time of the impeachment of President Johnson, and voted with Fessenden, of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Trumbull, of Illinois, and Fowler, of Tennessee, for acquittal. As he had previously been a staunch Republican, and, as accounted as certain to vote for conviction, his action provoked a bitter hostility to him, which he ascribed, rightly or wrongly, to Ben Butler and Gen. Grant, and which resulted in his being shelved by the Missouri Republicans. He denounced Grant and Butler publicly and privately in 1868, and being somewhat vindictive, possibly he had not yet forgotten his antipathy. Perhaps the recollection of his own wrongs was not without effect in inspiring the speech which caused his dismissal as Assistant Government counsel in the whisky cases.—*Russellville Herald.*

A Washington dispatch says: "Grant is still engulging his brain on the subject of Cuba, and it now transpires that he and Secretary Fish are decidedly at variance upon several points involved in the question. Fish is opposed to any interference whatever by our Government, whether in the shape of recognition or belligerency, or of independence or offer of mediation. Grant is in favor of the latter policy. Fish promulgated his views through the correspondence of the New York Tribune. Grant will set forth his in a double-leaded leader in the Republican."

A Washington letter says: "One of the most impressive features of the present gathering of Congress is the presence of Southern members and their Southern friends. The warm Southern grasp of the hand, charming Southern accent, and the impulsive Southern manner, give a new zest to Washington life to one who has not been here since the war. All the born Southerners who come here take an interest now in National affairs that might astonish some who remember the bitterness of a few years ago."

It is said that Parson NEWMAN, General Grant's chaplain, induced him to join the O. A. U. out of compliment. The President went in to oblige his spiritual adviser, but seeing that he could use the order as a political machine, has become a very earnest member. He can cry "The Shield! The Shield! The Shield!" and tap his nose as well as any of them now.

Ex-Lieutenant Governor Richard T. Jacob has been elected by the Magistrates of Oldham county, and commissioned by the Governor, County Judge to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge T. A. Rodman, whose failing health has compelled him to relinquish the duties of the office.—*Frankfort Yeoman.*

Governor McCreary received on Thursday from General Hewett, Quartermaster General of the State, now in Washington, a U. S. Treasury draft for \$12,950 18, as part payment upon the war claim of Kentucky. He writes that installments involving the payment of much larger sums are undergoing examination by the proper officers, and he has hopes of further collections after the Christmas holidays. *Frankfort Yeoman.*

GENERAL JAMES A. DAWSON is a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. The General is well known all over the State, and if elected will make an efficient clerk.

CARL SCHUBZ's paper the St. Louis *Westlich Post*, nominates HENDERSON for President, and says BRISTOW must stand out of the way.

In ancient Rome, during the period between 200 and 300 A. D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was thirty years. In the present century, among the same classes of people, it amounts to fifty years.

Prof. Lister, a New York astrologer, expects to discover Tweed's whereabouts by studying the stars. The idea of looking in the direction of heaven for the "Boss!"

THE CROW HOUSE.

Opposite the Courthouse

HARTFORD, KY.

JOHN S. VAUGHT, Proprietor.

Comfortable rooms, prompt attention, and low prices. The traveling public are respectfully invited to give us a share of patronage. Every exertion made to render guests comfortable.

STAGE LINE.

Mr. Vaught will continue the stage twice a day between Hartford and Beaver Dam, morning and evening, connecting with all passenger trains on the L. P. & S. and Western railroad. Passengers set down wherever they desire.

CAPTAIN N. BEN. PECK,

—WITH—

GARDNER & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Dealers in Tobaccos

And Com. Merchants,

No. 196, Main St. bet. Fifth & Sixth

LOUISVILLE, KY.

HOUSE AND LOT

FOR RENT.

I desire to rent my house and lot in the town of Hartford. Will make reasonable terms to a good tenant. For further information inquire of the undersigned, or John P. Barrett.

Judah A. Harrison.

Hartford Ky., October 6th, 1875.

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PROSPECTUS!

OF THE

HARTFORD HERALD.

A HOME PAPER

FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Herald

Will always contain the news of the County in a Brief and Condensed form. Now is the time to

GIVE US YOUR AID.

And thus enable us to make it one of the best papers in the Country.

As an advertising medium, the HERALD is unsurpassed by any journal in the Green River Country. Its circulation is equal to any country paper in the State, and finds its way in nearly every household in the county.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT

Of the HERALD is in every respect complete, and as neat job work can be done here as in the cities.

Sustain your County Paper.

HARTFORD MALE AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

The next Session of this Institution will commence on the First Monday in September, 1875, and continue Twenty-two Weeks, under the charge of MALCOLM MCINTYRE, A. M., aided by competent Assistants. One-half of the tuition fee will be due at the middle of the session, and the other half at the close.

TERMS PER SESSION: Primary . . . \$10.00 Higher English, \$20.00 Junior . . . 15.00 Latin & Greek, 25.00 Incidental fee, to be paid in advance, \$1. Special attention paid to fitting boys for College. Board can be obtained at from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a week. For further information apply to the Principal, or to the undersigned, n33-4 SAM. E. HILL, Trustee.

STAVES.

500,000

WHITE OAK STAVES AND HEADING

wanted. For further information address

DORSEY, HENRY & CO.,

14 and Delaware,

Louisville, Ky.

References:—Jno. P. Barrett, J. W. Lewis, Hartford, Ky.

RUFER'S HOTEL

AND

Restaurant.

(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ROOMS AT ONE DOLLAR A DAY

Fifth St. bet. Main and Market,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

PHIL. T. GERMANN, Proprietors.

AMERICA'S WHOLESALE, n35-3m

JUST FROM THE EAST!

E. SMALL

with his mammoth stock of Fall and Winter

goods, consisting in part of

DRY GOODS

Men & Boys Clothing!

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, BLANKETS,

COMFORTS, and LADIES' FURS.

Also the largest assortment of

FINE DRESS GOODS

Ever brought to this market, all of which

he offers at lower prices than ever before.

Millinery Goods!

of every description are always kept on

hand.

N. B.—The very highest market

price will be paid for feathers, hides

dried fruit, furs &c.

THE

INDIANAPOLIS SUN.

The leading INDEPENDENT REFORM

WEEKLY political newspaper in the United

States; the special advocate of the interests of

labor against combined capital; Legal Tender

Paper Money as against Bank Issues and the

Gold Basis Fallacy; and the Interchangeable

Currency Bond as against the High Gold

Interest Bond.

The SUN has a corps of able correspondents

among the clearest and most profound thinkers

of the country.

Miscellany of the choicest selection, adapted

to all classes of readers.

Terms, \$1.75 per year, postpaid.

Sample copies sent free on application.

Address,

INDIANAPOLIS SUN COMPANY,

Indianapolis, Ind.

JOHN P. TRACY & SON.

UNDERTAKERS,

HARTFORD, KY.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of

wooden coffins, from the finest rose wood casket

to the cheapest paper coffin.

All kinds of coffin trimmings constantly on

hand and for sale.

Keep a fine hearse always ready to attend

funerals.

Wagons and Buggies,

constantly on hand or made to order. Partic-

ular attention given to plow stock.

W. H. MAUZY. ALFRED HURT.

MAUZY & HURT,

UNDERTAKERS,

Hartford, Kentucky.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of

wooden coffins, burial cases and caskets at the

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Louisville, Paducah & Southwestern.

The down train for Paducah leaves Louisville, daily except Sunday at 8:45 a. m. and ar-

rive at:

Cecilian Junction at 11:25 a. m.

Grayson Springs at 12:25 p. m.

Leitchfield at 12:45 "

Beaver Dam at 1:15 "

Rockport at 2:30 "

Owensboro Junction at 3:45 "

Greenfield at 4:10 "

Nortonville Junction at 5:30 "

Paducah at 6:00 "

The up train for Louisville leaves Paducah daily except Sunday at 8 a. m. and arrives at:

Nortonville Junction at 7:50 a. m.

Owensboro Junction at 8:55 "

THE HERALD.

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
IN THE TOWN OF
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY,
—BY—
JOHN P. BARRETT & CO.,
AT THE PRICE OF
Two Dollars a Year in Advance.

Job work of every description done with
neatness and dispatch, at city prices. We have
a full line of job types, and solicit the patronage
of the business community.

The postage on every copy of THE HERALD is
prepaid at this office.

Our terms of subscription are \$2.00 per year,
in advance. Should the paper suspend publication,
from any cause, during the year, we will refund the
money due on subscription, or furnish subscribers
with the unexpired term with any paper of the
same price they may select.

Advertisements of business men are solicited;
except those of saloon keepers and dealers in
intoxicating liquors, which we will not admit to our
columns under any circumstances.
All communications and contributions for pub-
lication must be addressed to the Editor.
Communications in regard to advertising, and job
work must be addressed to the Publishers.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stuart, Judge, of Owensboro.
Hon. Jos. Hayslett, Attorney, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. B. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
T. J. Smith, Sheriff, Hartford.
E. L. Wise, Jailor, Hartford.
Court begins on the second Mondays in May
and November, and continues four weeks each
term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfer, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every
month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April,
July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begin on the first Mondays in October and
January.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Owensboro.
J. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
E. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
W. L. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAJESTRATES' COURTS.

Caney District, No. 1.—P. H. Alford, Justice,
held March 3, June 3, September 4, December
14. E. F. Tilford, Justice, held March 18, June
4, September 18, December 4.
Crest Springs District, No. 2.—A. N. Brown,
Justice, held March 3, June 15, September 2,
December 16. D. J. Wilcox, Justice, held
March 15, June 2, September 16, December 2.
Centerville District, No. 3.—W. P. Bender,
Justice, held March 3, June 14, September 20,
December 14. T. S. Bennett, Justice, held
March 16, June 23, September 13, December
27.
Ball's Store District, No. 4.—Benj. Newton,
Justice, held March 11, June 22, September 11,
December 27. S. Woodward, Justice, March 23,
June 16, September 25, December 11.
Crestville District, No. 5.—C. W. R. Cobb,
Justice, held March 8, June 19, September 8, Decem-
ber 22. J. L. Burton, Justice, March 20, June
7, September 22, December 8.
Niles District, No. 6.—C. S. McElroy, March
3, June 21, September 9, December 23. Jas.
H. Justice, March 22, June 8, September
2, December 9.
Hartford District, No. 7.—Jno. P. Cooper,
Justice, March 13, June 25, September 14, De-
cember 28. A. B. Bennett, Justice, March 25,
June 11, September 27, December 15.
Cromwell District, No. 8.—Samuel Austin,
Justice, March 27, June 16, September 29, De-
cember 17. Melvin Taylor, Justice, March 17,
June 29, September 17, December 31.
Hartford District, No. 9.—Thomas L. Allen,
Justice, March 12, June 24, September 13, Decem-
ber 26. Jno. M. Leach, Justice, March 26,
June 12, September 23, December 14.
Sulphur Springs District, No. 10.—R. G.
Wedding, Justice, March 19, June 5, September
19, December 7. Jno. A. Bennett, Justice,
March 6, June 18, September 7, December 21.
Bartlett District, No. 11.—W. H. Cammisa,
Justice, March 16, June 22, September 10, De-
cember 24. J. S. Yates, Justice, March 23,
June 9, September 24, December 10.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford.—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Mon-
days in January, April, July and October.
Beaver Dam.—B. W. Cooper, Judge, first
Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, first
Tuesday in January, April, July and October.
Crestville.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Sat-
urday in March, June, September and Decem-
ber.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 29, 1875.

W. R. BONNER, LOCAL EDITOR.

Particular Notice.

All persons indebted to this office, will
please call and pay up, as we are in urgent
need of some money. We cannot run a
newspaper without money, and hence we
are under the necessity of collecting as
fast as amounts fall due.

A Splendid Investment.

We will send the *Farmers' Home*
Journal, price \$2.00 per year, and *THE*
HARTFORD HERALD, price \$2.00 per
year, to the same address for the small
sum of \$3.00 per year. Send on the
money and get both papers.

Look out for the Red Mark.

Subscribers who see a red mark
on the margin of their paper near
their names may know that their
time has expired. We hope all such
will renew at once.

Terrible Storm at Sea.

And there will be a terrible storm
around here if those who owe me do
not come up and pay me at once. I
cannot furnish the sick with medicine
free, as I have to pay cash for all
drugs. I will be compelled to sue on
all my notes and accounts if not paid
at once. Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN.
Nov. 24th, 1875.

Possum pie.

Good-bye 1875.

Leap-year party.

A new painter in town.

The river is rising again.

No tobacco as yet coming in.

Look out for the fortune-teller.

This is the last paper in this year.

Quite a number of visitors in town.

This is fine weather for handling to-
bacco.

Rev. Mr. Gardner did not fill his
appointment here Sunday.

Our thanks are due Mr. Wm.
Phipps for late Cincinnati papers.

Enlarge your advertisements for
the new year.

An immense amount of rain fell
Sunday.

Drummers are not quite so numer-
ous as they have been.

Mr. L. P. Foreman now manipu-
lates the yard-stick at E. Small's.

Wild geese are frequently seen in
large gangs going North.

Harry Bridges, from Carson, Dan-
iel & Co., was in town Monday.

Girls, don't forget the leap-year
party.

If the fortune-teller comes around
treat her gently. She's a deserving
old lady.

We're going to have it—the leap
year party.

Dry goods business is on the im-
prove.

Don't fail to attend Lodge to-mor-
row night.

Something needed—improvements
on the streets.

There were more drunken men in
town last Friday and Saturday than
we have seen for some time.

Improvements at the courthouse are
being made in the way of laying brick
walks.

Mr. W. H. Griffin left yesterday
morning for Elizabethtown, where he
will spend several days with relatives.

If you want to "laugh and grow fat"
converse with the new painter. He's
full of fun.

Time makes many changes—but
the HERALD will enter upon a new
year week after next.

When you want a nice, cheap suit
of clothes, give Geo. Platt a call.
He'll fix you up all right.

Mr. W. A. Gibson was in town
Saturday, and called up to see "the
boys."

Miss Alice Jarboe and Miss Jennie
Bennett are spending Christmas in
Owensboro.

Miss Logie Walker is spending hol-
idays at home, but will return to
school in a short time.

There is a great deal of tobacco in
the county for sale, but none of our
buyers have the nerve to buy.

Hartford is to-day older than Lou-
isville, and not a respectable side-
walk or pavement can be found in
town.

Mr. Perry B. Wilkes of Horse
Branch station Ohio county, was the
first to renew his subscription for the
year 1876.

Marion Taylor, of color, was placed
in Jail on Monday last for bad conduct
among some of the colored females.

Messrs. George Platt, Harry Bridges,
Jacob Duke, J. T. Moore, F. B. Wise
and E. Small, went over to Cromwell
Sunday. They think it rained a little.

Mr. John O'Flaherty, formerly of
this place, but now principal of the
Livermore High School is spending a
few days in town.

The Rev. Mr. Riggins, of St. Louis,
Mo., of the Cumberland Presbyterian
church, will hold services at court-
house to-morrow evening at 7 o'clock.

Little Guy Bennett and May Lyon
had a Christmas tree at the Hartford
House, on which many nice presents
were placed for distribution.

"Brick" Pomeroy is going to take the
Democrat to Chicago, and expresses a
determination to make it as "red hot"
as ever.

CHAS. O'CONNOR, the eminent New
York lawyer, who has been lying at
the point of death for some time, is re-
ported out of danger.

The year 1875 will soon bid us all fare-
well. Let's enter upon the new year
more vigorously than we did the past,
and be a more prosperous and better
people.

We are glad to see Clarence Har-
dwick, who has been confined to his
room for several days past, from a
wound received in his wrist while out
bird hunting, able to be upon the streets
again.

Albert Rial, a small boy in the up-
per end of town, was wrestling with
another boy named Buckner Collins,
last Monday, which resulted in the
former getting his ankle broken. It
was done in the fall; but how neither of
them can tell.

If You Want a Nice Overcoat
And cheap, too, buy at the great cloth-
ing house of J. Winter & Co., cor. 3rd
and Market, Louisville; prices greatly
reduced and all the best styles to select
from.

Preparatory to making room for
new goods, I have determined to sell
my present stock at greatly reduced
prices. Please call and convince
yourselves. E. SMALL.

At a candy-pulling at Mrs. E. L.
Wises' Christmas night, Johnnie Mc-
Henry received a severe burn on one
of his hands, caused by turning over a
plate full of hot candy.

Corn in Christian county is selling
at twenty cents per bushel in the field,
and twenty-five cents per bushel de-
livered. No danger of a famine, in
that county while hog and hominy is so
plentiful.

Mr. Harry Jarboe gave a supper,
last Saturday night, to his young
gentlemen friends of this city. The
table was supplied with all the luxuries
the market could afford, and the pres-
ence of his quently mother rendered
the evening one of great pleasure.

Why is a guest, stopping all night
at the Hartford House, like the proph-
et Daniel? Because he has stayed in
the Lyon's den, and came out next
morning with no manner of hurt upon
him.

A young America from the country
was in town the other day, and after
growing tired of town started for home,
but was asked by a friend how he had
enjoyed Christmas, when he said: "It's
the dumbest one I ever saw; even the
shooting-crackers don't burst good."

The lining iron for the jail is arriv-
ing every day, and Mr. Bennett will
proceed with business immediately.
Hartford will soon boast of having as
good a Jail as any of her neighboring
counties.

On last Monday the Crow House
was rented to the highest bidder. The
present proprietor, Mr. J. S. Vaught,
will retire from the hotel business in a
few days. He will move to his resi-
dence in the lower end of town, and
will be pleased to carry with him his
old customers and as many new ones
as may be pleased to favor him with
their patronage. Mr. Vaught is a
very pleasant landlord, and we re-
commend him to those who wish a
pleasant boarding-house.

A delightful time was experienced
by the little ones, (and good many
large ones, too), at Mrs. W. T. King's
Monday night. Little Maggie and
Willie entertained their guests in a
princely manner, having prepared for
them one of the nicest repasts of which
the little ones ever had the pleasure of
partaking. Their amusement lasted
until ten o'clock, when they began to
depart for their several homes, with
thoughts of the pleasant hours just
spent still lingering in their minds.
We return thanks to Mrs. King for
the nice cake furnished us, and as we
were devouring the last morsel, our
thoughts were of the kind donor, and
we wish her a long and happy life.

To our Patrons.

With this issue the first year of the
HERALD's existence comes to a close.
We hope the people throughout the
county are convinced that a paper can
be published in Hartford, and will
now give us their assistance. The
time of a great many of our subscri-
bers expire to-day, and we hope all
will renew before next issue. We
have made earnest endeavors to give
you a readable paper, and by a liberal
support of our citizens we will place
the HERALD above its former standard.
Two dollars is not much for your
county paper, and no citizen in the
county should be without it. Now,
everybody take hold, and we will make
the HERALD the best paper published
within the Green River country. We
will have a great deal of advertising
to change next week, and with the
force we have in the office it will be too
hard on us to issue a paper and make
the necessary changes, therefore we
will not issue, but the week following
we will be promptly on time.

Mr. Edward Coombs, of Christian
county has been spending several days
in town, visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. S.
Vaught.

We met upon the streets, yesterday
evening, our young friend Mr. Henry
Hart, formerly of this place, but now
of Louisville. He will remain in our
midst a week or two.

Miss Helen Brotherton, a fascinating
belle of Owensboro, arrived in this
city last Thursday evening, and will
remain for some time, visiting her sis-
ter, Mrs. S. K. Cox.

Old Santa Claus was very generous
this year—presenting us with eight
dollars. We like the little things, and
will start a wholesale establishment in
a short time.

A Destructive Storm.
A very destructive storm passed
over Cromwell and vicinity last Sun-
day, extending back from the river
about two miles. Fences were blown
down to the ground as well as a great
deal of fine timber. A house, barn
and stable near Pinchico were almost
entirely destroyed.

The sun, moon and stars may vary,
but when we receive such nice things
as the candy sent us last Thursday by
Miss Alice Leach, we never fail to re-
turn thanks, and here we tender them
to her. It was of the cocoanut flavor,
and manufactured by her own delicate
hands. We were generous, and gave
the entire HERALD corps a "bite,"
which was pronounced by all to be par-
excellant. Many thanks, Miss Alice.

Is It to be an Open Winter.
"The Western Indians are prognos-
ticating an open winter. They say the
bears are not going into winter quar-
ters at all, and mention this occurrence
as something very unusual." It
looks very much like the bears were
right, and that we are going to have a
comparatively open winter. "The
very cold weather" which Prof. Tice
promised us "from Dec. 30th to Jan.
6th" has not yet come to hand.

The store houses of E. V. Kimbley
& Son and S. W. Anderson, of Crol-
ow, this county, were broken into
one night last week by a young man
named Young. Kimbley & Son lost
fifty dollars worth of goods, and nu-
merous little articles were taken from
Anderson. Young was arrested, but
how he came out we have not yet
learned.

Mr. E. K. Massie, for a long time
local editor of the Owensboro *Monitor*,
resigned his position on that paper last
week. Mr. Massie was unquestionably
the youngest editor in the State, and
from his live localizing made himself
worldly known to newspaper men.
Mr. Massie filled the position with
credit, furnishing the readers of the
Monitor with all the floating news of
the city and county.

Another War in Africa.

Last Friday night a row was aroused
in the upper end of town, among the
negroes, about a Christmas tree. A
negro boy named John Taylor became
disorderly over an accordion which
he had placed on the tree for his
"duck." Taylor's mother claimed
that it did not belong to him, but that
it was hers. John then gave utterance
to some bitter oaths, when he was in-
formed by Wm. Griffin that he must
keep quiet or he would "put him out."
Here Morrison Taylor and Jim Collins
interfered, and with a few knock-
downs and drag-outs the pugilistic fun
was brought to a close.

Our merchants who deal in Christ-
mas tricks report business unusually
good last week. Early Friday morn-
ing the stores were filled with purchas-
ers, and remained so until a late hour
Saturday night. Messrs Williams &
Wells made the heaviest sales—they
advertised in the HERALD.

The Grayson County *Journal*, of
last week, pays us the following high-
ly appreciative compliment:
"The spiciest, newswy, original little
sheet, that comes to our office as an
exchange, is the 'Hartford Herald,'
published in Hartford, Ohio county,
and edited by John P. Barrett, with
W. R. Bonner as local editor. We
wish it all the success imaginable, and
may its circulation extend throughout
the whole United States."

Real Estate Transfers.

[Logged for record since our last issue.]
M. A. Brown et al. to Wp. L.
Brown et al., 32 acres of land on
Green River, \$75.
Elijah Hocker to J. B. & J. L.
Southard, 145 acres of land on Slaty
Creek, \$950.
C. J. Lawton Commissioner to Jno.
Byers, 204 acres of land on Caney
Creek, \$1004.25.
Isaac Morton's heirs by Comr. Cox
to Jas. A. Thomas, lots 47 48 25 and
26 in Hartford, and 70 acres on
Muddy Creek, \$1165.

Mr. G. D. Dillman, of Christian
county, is visiting relatives here.

Marriage Licenses.

The following is a list of the marriage
licenses issued since our last report:

Addison Lantum and Miss Jennie
Haynes.

Thomas E. Webb and Miss Palistue
Shawn.

W. G. Johnson and Miss Viola Pat-
terson.

John F. Mullen and Miss Margaret
Maloney.

Samuel H. Townsley and Miss Julia
Bales.

James N. Wilson and Miss Laura
A. Parrott.

John M. Johnson and Miss Bettie
J. Smith.

Christopher Thomas and Mrs. Sallie
E. Taylor.

Thomas D. Duke and Miss Adiline
E. Sutton.

Jesse W. Whittaker jr. and Miss
Mary Francis Stewart.

Go to J. Winter & Co.,
Cor. 3rd & Market, Louisville, and
have your suit made to order. They
always give a good fit, keep only first
class goods and sell at prices as cheap
as the lowest.

The Big Hog.

Mr. W. C. Tilford, of Cromwell,
has the largest hog that was ever
raised in Ohio county. He has been
feeding him in a pen ever since he was
pigged, and on last Saturday con-
cluded to weigh him. He raised the
beam at 865 pounds. His height was
also measured, and he goes 4 feet 6
inches. Mr. Tilford will continue to
feed him until the 1st of February, be-
lieving that he will weigh 1,000 pounds
by that time. This hog is a thorough-
bred Chester.

At the annual meeting of Hartford
Lodge No. 156, A. Y. M., December
27th, 1875, the following officers were
elected:

John P. Tracy, W. M.
Wm. H. Moore, S. W.
O. P. Johnson, J. W.
Z. W. Griffith, Tr.
S. E. Hill, Sec.
D. F. Tracy, S. D.
A. Hurt, J. D.
A. D. White, S. and T.
Meeting first Monday night each
month.

A New Way of Doing Business.

It has long been a custom among
young ladies to expect their sweet-
hearts to "hang up" something for them
at their doors on Christmas eve night.
Well, this thing was practiced here the
other night. A certain young gentle-
man has been paying his addresses to
a young lady, and was thinking right
seriously of "proposing," but then the
thought struck him that she was "high-
tempered," so to speak, and concluded
to test her before proposing. The
thought struck him to hang up a pair
of pantaloons, and if he found her in
them it would be clear that she pro-
posed to "wear the breeches." Well,
he did hang them up, with a note ac-
companying them, stating why he had
done so, but unfortunately for the poor
fellow, he signed his initials, and she
could not mistake the proper one. She
didn't propose to wear them, and left
the matter with her father to settle
with him. He got off with three flog-
gings, one from the old man, her bro-
ther, and his rival. We have heard
him speak on the subject since, and he
says he was only joking about the
thing, for he didn't want the d—d
wild cat anyhow.

Served Him Right.

A Louisville drummer stopped not
long since at one of our Green river
hotels, and the next morning a vo-
luptuous looking chambermaid, came
in to arrange his room. He approach-
ed her, and gently putting his arm
around her waist, said: "You are my
darling," and then he stole a kiss from
her red pouting lips. What did she
do? Why, she seized the foot-bath
where he had just washed his feet, and
bathed his head with the contents;
then she shampooed his hair with the
coal-grabs; perfumed him with the
water in the slop-bucket; washed his
hair and whiskers with the blacking
brush; rubbed him down with a brush
that had been used the day before in
painting the hearth, and knocked the
dust out of his clothes with the poker.
Then doubling up her fists and shaking
them at him, she said: "This (the
right one), is certain death, but as I
am not the fool-killer, I'll not use that
on you; this (the left one), is six
months in the hospital," then she hit
him a blow that sent him through the
window, he alighted on the roof of
a shed-room, and rolled off into a pig-
sty in the back yard. This disturbed
the big dog, and his dander "ris," and
he fastened on to that drummer quick,
which brought him to a halt, and the
servants hastened to his relief. He
was taken to jail as a supposed insane
tramp or showman, and the local pa-
per in its next issue gave a long ac-
count of the mysterious disappearance
of a Louisville drummer from a
—House, who left without taking
his baggage or paying his hotel bill.

SAVE YOUR EYES.



OUR PEBBLE SPECTACLES

And Eye Glasses are the best for failing sight. Get and polished from the "Pebble Stone,"
they are perfectly transparent (will not glass like a diamond). Being far better than the glass,
they receive a finer polish and always retain it. One pair carefully fitted to your eyes will
last as long as five pairs of the best glass, besides preserving the sight almost unimpaired all
that time. By our new system for testing the sight, we are enabled to suit any eye ac-
curately that no injurious efforts will follow. We repair Spectacles and Eye Glasses, and insert
Pebbles or the best Glass Lenses in old frames. Our Bi-Focal Spectacles are for old people
who require spectacles to see far off as well as near by only one pair being required. To per-
sons who cannot call on us we send our new illustrated Price List, which shows how to order.
C. P. BARNES & BRO., Opticians,
Main st., be. Sixth and Seventh (Louisville Hotel Block) Louisville, Ky.

FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, KY., Dec. 28.

As is usual on Christmas eve, we
had an abundance of fire-works, and
everything that pertained to juvenile
enjoyment. King Santa Claus did not
forget to remember the little ones at
the regular hour, and many a blithe-
some heart was made to thrill with a
double joy on Christmas morn, when
they found Santa had "been there."
"Christmas gift" was the greeting on
every hand Saturday, and to keep
from "paying up" was about as hard to
do as attempting to fly would be.
Dinners for the elder ones, and eve-
ning entertainments for the younger,
are in vogue, and all we trust will ap-
preciate the week.

Some little annoyance was given the
teachers of the various schools through-
out the county last week, by the children
locking the doors and forbidding the
teachers' entrance until they consented
to "treat." Most of the teachers,
however, opened the doors and quietly
discharged their duties, not caring for
the cost of the demand, but thinking
it time for custom-made laws, which
have a barbarous origin, to be done
away with. When custom makes a
bad law should it not be repealed?

Mr. R. J. Daniel shipped seven car-
loads of hogs from this place last week;
it is surprising to know where so many
hogs come from, but it is still more as-
tonishing to know why people send
their hogs to Louisville in the winter
and receive for them six cents per
pound, and have them shipped back in
the spring and pay therefor eighteen
cents per pound.

Col. D. L. Sublett has been given
entire control of the Taylor mines, near
this place. He having proved so able
and trust-worthy as superintendent
will, we feel assured, meet with abun-
dant success in his new capacity.

As this is the last opportunity we
shall have of contributing to the HER-
ALD of 1875, we feel that a word or
two would not prove amiss.

